

1447<sup>th</sup>  
DEBORAH.

AN

ORATORIO,

OR

SACRED DRAMA.

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The Music Composed by Mr. *HANDEL*.

The Words by Mr. *HUMPHREYS*. *K*

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DEBORAH

AN

ORATORY

OF

SACRED PRAYER



DUBLIN

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Dublin University Press, 1800.



# DEBORAH,

AN

## ORATORIO, &c.

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### PART I. SCENE I.

*Deborah, Barak, Israelites, Officers, and Chorus of Israelite Priests.*

#### GRAND CHORUS.



Immortal Lord of Earth and Skies,  
Whose Wonders all around us rise;  
Whose Anger, when it awful  
glows,

To swift Perdition dooms thy Foes.  
O grant a Leader to our Host!

Whose Name, with Honour we  
may boast,

Whose Conduct may our Cause maintain  
And break our proud Oppressor's Chain.

*Recit.*

*Recit. Deb.* O Barak, favour'd of the Skies!  
 O Son of Abinoam rise!  
 Heaven, by thy Arm, his People saves,  
 And dooms our Tyrants for our Slaves.

*Bar.* O Deborah! with wise Prediction bless'd,  
 To whom Futurity stands forth confess'd,  
 Will Heaven on me a Gift so great bestow,  
 And grace the meanest of his Servants so,

*Duett. Bar.* Where would thy Ardours raise me!  
 How shall I soar to Fame!  
 Will then my Conduct praise me,  
 And thus adorn my Name!

*Deb.* Trust in the God that fires thee,  
 To vindicate our Laws;  
 Act now, as he inspires thee,  
 Thou shalt revive our Cause.

*Cho.* Forbear thy Doubts! to Arms! away!  
 Thy God commands, do thou obey.

*Recit. Bar.* Since Heaven has thus its Will express'd,  
 Submission now becomes me best:  
 But, ere we stand in Arms array'd,  
 O Prophets implore his Aid!  
 And let uniting Judah join,  
 To supplicate the Power Divine.

*Chor.* For ever, to the Voice of Prayer,  
 Jehovah lends a gracious Ear.

## THE INVOCATION.

*Recit. Deb.* By that adorable Decree,  
 That Chaos cloath'd with Symmetry;

By

By that resistless Power that made  
 Refulgent Brightness start from shade ;  
 That still'd contending Atoms Strife ;  
 And spoke Creation into Life ;  
 O thou supreme transcendent Lord !  
 Thy Succours to our Cries accord !

*Chor.* O hear thy lowly Servants Prayer !  
 And grant them thy propitious Care !

*Recit. Deb.* Ye Sons of *Israel*, cease your Fears,  
*Jehovah* your Petition hears :  
 The impious Chief of *Canaan's* Host,  
 Who made our Fall his daring Boast,  
 Shall perish on the crimson Sand,  
 Ignobly by a Woman's Hand.

*Chor.* O blast with thy tremendous Brow,  
 The Tyrants that insult us now,

*Recit. Bar.* To whomsoe'er his Fate the Boaster  
 owes,  
 My Breast no Pangs of pining Envy knows.  
 Thy lovely Sex O *Deborah* ! may claim  
 Equal Prerogative with Man in Fame ?  
 And none but Savage Breasts alone,  
 Their charming Merit can disown.

*Air.* How lovely is the blooming Fair,  
 Whose Beauty Virtue's Laws refine !  
 She well may claim our softest Care,  
 For sure she almost seems divine.

## SCENE II.

J A E L.

*Jael.* O *Deborah* ! where'e'er I turn my Eyes,  
 Grim Scenes of War in all their Horrors rise.

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O grant me! in my green Retreat,  
Where Solitude has fix'd her Seat.  
To live in Peace, sequester'd far  
From dire Alarms and sanguine War.

*Deb.* Hear me then, *Jael* let no Fear  
Of proud Hostility thy Peace impair;  
For Heaven has made thee its peculiar Care.  
Thy Virtue, ere the close of Day,  
Shall shine with such a bright Display,  
That thou shalt be, by all, confels'd  
Thy Sex's Pride divinely bless'd.

*Air.* Choirs of Angels, all around thee  
Lest Oppression should confound thee,  
Watchful wait in radiant Throngs;  
*Judah's* God array'd in Splendor  
Deigns to be thy great Defender,  
From all meditated Wrongs.

*Recit. Jael.* My Transports are too great to tell:  
On the dear Theme I could for ever Dwell  
God does not only condescend  
My Life, from Danger to defend,  
But keeps for me such Joys in store,  
Ambition could not ask for more.

*Air.* To Joy he brightens my Despair,  
No rising Pangs my Peace controul;  
He guards me, with a Father's Care,  
And pours his Mercies on my Soul.

### S C E N E III.

*Abinoam, Deborah, Barak, &c.*

*Recit. Abin.* *Barak*, my Son, the joyful Sound,  
Of Acclamations all around,  
Gives me to know the glorious Weight of Cares;  
God for thy Fortitude prepares.

*Swift*

Swift may thy Virtue *Judab's* Hopes outrun,  
And make thy Father boast of such a Son.

*Air.* Awake the Ardour of my Breast,  
For Victory, or Death prepare;

Let all thy Virtue shine confess'd,  
And leave the rest to Heaven's Care:

Should Conquest crown thee in the Field,  
Be humble; or if Death's thy Doom,  
Thy Life with Resignation yield,  
And Crowds will envy thee thy Tomb.

*Recit. Bar.* I go, where Heaven and Duty call,  
Prepar'd to conquer or to fall.

*Air.* All Dangers disdaining,  
For Battle I glow:

Our Glory maintaining,  
I'll rush on the Foe.

Tho' Death all around me,  
Stalks dreadfully pale,  
No Fear shall confound me,  
My Cause will prevail.

*Chor.* Let thy Deeds be glorious  
And thy right Hand Victorious.

## S C E N E IV.

*Herald from the Camp of Sifera.*

*Her.* My Charge is to declare  
From *Sifera*, a Name renown'd in War,  
That he with Indignation knows,  
How you presume to be his Foes:  
Yet such Compassion in his Bosom reigns,  
That ere he galls ye with redoubled Chains,  
He condescends to offer these your Chiefs  
An Interview, that he may learn your Grievs;  
And

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And the sad Waste of Human Blood to save,  
Will grant you all that Slaves may dare to crave.

*Bar.* Proud Infidels!--Go let the Boaster hear,  
He breaths no Wrath we condescend to fear:  
Tell him, besides, that *Judah* now prepares  
For Interview or Battle, as he dares!

## SCENE V.

*Deborah, Barak, Abinoam, &c.*

*Deb.* Let him approach pacifick, or in Rage,  
We in the Cause of Liberty engage:

*Bar.* Whilst that bright Motive in our Bosoms  
glows,  
We dread no Menace, and we shun no Foes.

*Chor.* Despair all around them,  
Shall swiftly confound them,  
Whilst Transports of Joy  
Our Praise shall employ.

*Hallelujah.*

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## PART II. SCENE I.

*Deborah, Barak, Abinoam, Jael, Israelite Women,  
Chorus of Israelite Priests, and Sisera attended  
by a Chorus of the Priests of Baal.*

*Chorus of Israelite Priests.*

SEE the proud Chieft advances now,  
With sullen March and gloomy Brow:  
*Jacob*, arise! assert thy God!  
And scorn Oppression's Iron Rod!

SCENE

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SCENE II.

*Sifera.*

*Recit. Sif.* That here rebellious Arms I see,  
Proud *Deborah*, proceeds from thee ;  
But would'st thou, yet, thy vain Ambition cease,  
Whilst our affronted Mercy offers Peace,  
Bow down submissive, ere the impending Blow  
Lays thee and all thy lost Associates low.

*Air.* At my Feet extended low,  
Favour by thy Tears engage:  
Or thou soon shalt, trembling, know,  
Slighted Mercy turns to Rage.

*Recit. Deborah.* Go frown, Barbarian, where  
thou'rt fear'd !  
None, but our God is here rever'd !  
Our Breasts his Inspiration warms,  
To vindicate our Cause by Arms ;  
And, to thy Ruin, thou shalt know  
What 'tis to find that God thy Foe.

*Air.* In *Jehovah's* awful Sight,  
Haughty Tyrants are but Dust.  
Those who glory in their Might,  
Place in Vanity their Trust.

*Recit. Sif.* Yes, how your God in Wonders  
can excel ;  
Your low Captivity demonstrates well.

*Chorus of Baal's Priests,*

O *Baal* ! Monarch of the Skies !  
To whom unnumber'd Temple rise !  
From thee the Sun, immensely bright,  
Receiv'd his radiant Robes of Light :

B

By

By thee with Stars the Heavens glow,  
 The Ocean swells, and Rivers flow;  
 The Vales with Verdure are array'd,  
 The Flowers perfume, the Thickets shade:  
 And 'tis by the Event confess'd  
 Thy Votaries alone are bleis'd.

*Recit. Chief Priest of Israel.* No more! ye Infidels; no more!

False is the God whom ye adore;  
 A dull, brute Idol, whose detested Shrine,  
 None, but such Wretches, can believe divine.

*Chorus of Israelites, &c.*

Lord of Eternity! who hast in store  
 Plagues for the Proud, and Mercy for the Poor;  
 Look down! look down! from thy celestial  
 Throne,

And let the Terrors of thy Wrath be known!  
 Plead thy just Cause, thy awful Pow'ër disclose,  
 Avenge thy Servants, and confound their Foes!

*Recit. Deb.* By his great Name, [To Sisera and  
 and his alone, his Priests.

Whose Deity ye dare disown,  
 Whose kindled Wrath ye soon shall know,  
 Will prove him a tremendous Foe.  
 Fly, I conjure ye, from this Place,  
 Too sacred for a Throng so base!

*Sis.* We go, but ye shall quickly mourn,  
 In Tears of Blood, our dire Return,

*Deborah.* All your Boasts will end in Woe.

*Sisera.* Farewell despicable Foe.

*Priest of Baal.* Mighty Baal's Aid we crave,

*Barak.* Baal has no Power to save.

*Chorus.*

*Chorus of Baal's Priests.* Baal's Power ye soon  
shall know.

*Chorus of Israelites.* Poor deluded Mortals go?

*Bar.* Great Prophets! my Soul's on Fire,  
To execute the Ardours you inspire.  
O that the Fight were now begun!  
My Father should not blush to call me Son.

*Air.* In the Battle Fame pursuing,  
We'll with Slaughter float the Plains:  
And our Tyrants, low in Ruin,  
Soon shall wear their Captive's Chains.

*Recit. Abin.* Thy Ardours warm the Winter of  
my Age,  
Its Weakness strengthen, and its Pains assuage,  
And well dost thou our impious Foes deride,  
Justice is thine, and God is on thy Side.

*Air.* Swift Inundation,  
Of Desolation,  
Pour on the Nation.  
Of Judah's Foes.  
Can Fame delight thee?  
Can Heaven incite thee?  
They now invite thee  
To end our Woes.

*Recit. Israelite Women.* Oh Judah, with what  
Joy I see,  
The Blessings Heaven reserves for thee!

*Air.*

*Air.* No more disconsolate, I'll mourn,  
No more sad Sackcloth wear;  
From Chains to Freedom we return,  
To Transports from Despair.

*Recit. Deb.* Now, *Jaeh*, to thy Tent retire  
Our Bosoms for the Battle fire:  
But know thy Solitude will thee supply,  
With Glory that shall never die.

*Air. Jaeh.* O the Pleasure my Soul is possessing  
At the Prospect of Mercies so dear!  
May my Bosom be ever expressing,  
With what Rapture my God I revere!

*Recit. Deb. Barak*, we now to Battle go,  
And rush with Ruin on the Foe.

*Duet. Deb.* Smiling Freedom, lovely Guest,  
Balmy Source of softest Joy;  
Mortals, by thy Aid, are blest  
With such Charms as never cloy.

*Bar.* Thy dear Presence to obtain  
(Sweetly soothing every Care)  
Who would dread the hostile Plain?  
Who each Danger would not dare!

*Chor.* The great King of Kings will aid us to  
Day,  
His Praises let all with Transport display,

## PART III. SCENE I.

*Deborah and Barak with the victorious Army of the Israelites, return'd from the Pursuit of the Canaanites, and attended with the Israelite Women. Chorus of Israelite Priests, and Captives, among whom are the Priests of Baal.*

*Chorus of Israelites.*

**N**OW the proud insulting Foe,  
Prostrate in the Dust lies low:  
Broken Chariots, Hills of Slain,  
Load the wide extended Plain.

*Recit. Bar.* The haughty Foe, whose Pride to  
Heaven did soar,  
Is fall'n, is fall'n, and *Canaan* is no more,

*Air. An Israelite.* Now sweetly smiling Peace  
descends.  
And waves her downy Wings;  
Each Blessing in her Train attends,  
Each Joy around her springs.

## SCENE II.

*ABINOAM.*

*Abin.* My Prayers are heard, the Blessings of  
this Day.  
All my past Cares and Anguish will repay,  
The Soldiers to each other tell,  
My *Barak* has perform'd his Duty well.

*Bar.* My honour'd Father!

*Abin.*

*Abin.* O my Son! my Son!  
Well has thy Youth the Race of Honour run,

*Air.* Tears, such as tender Fathers shed,  
Warm from my aged Eyes descend,  
For Joy to think, when I am dead,  
My Son will have Mankind his Friend.

### S C E N E III.

#### J A E L.

*Recit. Jael.* O *Deborah!* our Fears are o'er,  
Proud *Sisera* is now no more.

*Deb.* Prophetick Raptures swell my Breast;  
And whispers we shall still be blest.

#### Chorus of Baal's Priests.

Doletul Tidings, how ye wound!  
Despair and Death are in that Sound!

*Air. An Israelite.* Our Fears are now for ever  
fled,  
Our Eyes no more shall flow;  
Swift Vengeance has laid low the Head  
Of our imperious Foe.

*Recit. Bar.* I saw the Tyrant breathless in her  
Tent;  
Her Arm, his Soul, to endless Darkness sent.

*Air.* Tyrant now no more we dread thee,  
All thy Insolence is o'er;  
Justice to thy Ruin led thee,  
Thou art fall'n to rise no more.

*Air.*

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*Recit. Deb.* If *Jael*, I aright divine,  
When Men hereafter would proclaim,  
All that is Noble by one Name,  
O *Jael*, they will mention thine!

*Air.* The Glorious Sun shall cease to shed  
His beamy Treasure from the Skies;  
And Merit shall be Virtue's Dread,  
Whene'er thy blest Memorial dies.

*Recit, Bar.* May Heav'n, with kind Profusion,  
shed  
Its chosen Joys on *Jael's* Head!

*Air.* Low at her Feet he bow'd, he fell;  
And laid in Dust his haughty Head;  
And late Posterity shall tell,  
That where he bow'd he fell down dead.

*Recit. Deb.* O great *Jehovah*! may thy Foes  
Thus perish who thy Laws oppose,  
But O let all, who love thy Praise,  
And dedicate to thee their Days,  
Shine like the Sun immensely bright,  
When forth he marches in his Might,  
To run his radiant Race of Light. }

*Chor.* Let our glad Songs to Heaven ascend,  
For *Judah's* God is *Judah's* Friend;  
O celebrate his sacred Name,  
With Gratitude his Praise proclaim!

[*Hallelujah.*

F I N I S.

Richard D. Johnson

(15)

When I, O Lord, thy servant,  
In thy house of prayer,  
Will stand before thee,  
And thou wilt answer me.

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In thy house of prayer,  
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